THE WASHINGTON HERALD

PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING BY
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY
1322 New York Avenue. Telephone MAIN 3300.

CLINTON T. BRAINARD, President and Editor.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY MAIL:
Daily and Sunday.....45 cents per month
Daily and Sunday.....$5.40 per year
Daily, without Sunday.....35 cents per month
Daily, without Sunday.....$3.00 per year
Sunday, without Daily.....$2.40 per year

Entered at the postoffice at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1914.

Peace is a theory and not a condition.

And now for a season of fireside baseball.

Hot air doesn't inflate the price of cotton.

Oh, well; a soldier is born every minute.

The British suffragettes might issue a curl paper.

The Germans whent, hell bhent, right into Ghent.

Stallings will never be a popular name in Philadelphia.

But a soft answer will sometimes induce another question.

Germany ought to be thankful that Belgium isn't half a size larger.

There are still many women of note who wouldn't give a cent to vote.

A gas barrel is a poor substitute for a pork barrel, in some localities.

All things come to those who wait, unless they refuse to tip the waiter.

Some people are red-headed, and others just have that kind of a disposition.

Browns were no doubt much worn in the Garden of Eden during the fall.

This has been the longest session of Congress on record—and the loudest.

Yes, puns are cheap wit. You can't get more than $4 a column for them.

Some people think it is sport for seven men and nine dogs to chase one rabbit.

There is a big difference between having the bases full and the basemen full.

Things are not always what they seem, so don't judge a man by his self-esteem.

Judging by what they bring back, some men must go fishing just to amuse the fish.

There is only one business that it doesn't pay to advertise, and that is counterfeiting.

Don't you think something ought to be done to the man who put the gal in Galveston?

It looks like a hard winter on the orchestras, but we hope the violinists will scrape through.

Why doesn't Col. S. H. Hardwick, of the Southern Railway, start a buy-a-ticket movement?

The pure food law is still in existence, but it is not being exploited as much as at one time.

A New York man slept for three weeks on a stretch. And he was not a policeman, either.

If the Germans and the allies were using aerial mines, the horror of war would be complete.

Next thing you know, Virginia farmers may demand that the government loan money on peanuts.

It is all wrong, Jason, it is all wrong. We saw a black man wearing red, white and blue socks yesterday.

Frederick L. Siddons, President Wilson's personal choice for justice of the Supreme Court of the District, whose nomination was sent to the Senate yesterday, will take to the bench all of the high personal qualities requisite for so exalted an office. A man of unassailable reputation, unquestioned integrity, clean public and private life, he will administer justice as he sees it, and no scandal can ever attach to any court in which he presides. No doubt the Senate will promptly confirm the appointment.

It has practically been decided not to hold the usual four evening receptions at the White House this winter, the President's family being yet in mourning. While the abandonment of this feature of the Capital's social life will be regretted by the many winter visitors to whom it was an especial attraction, it undoubtedly solves a serious problem for the Diplomatic Corps, in whose honor the first of the four receptions has always been given. With nearly all Europe at war nothing more embarrassing than the various embassies and legations being thrown together at the White House could be imagined.

England's activity in intercepting vessels loaded with oil destined for Germany through neutral ports is explained by an article in the London Chronicle, appealing to this country to prevent the shipment of millions of gallons of oil from this country to "supply Germany with instruments of barbarism." Certainly it would seem that oil intended for the equipment of airships and bombs should be classed as contraband, as much so as guns and ammunition; but if the necessary formality has not been complied with this government is powerless to prevent such shipments. Meantime, it is not to be wondered at if British naval officers are zealous in trying to intercept shipments of oil, though it is yet to be shown that they have exceeded their rights. If the seizure of the John D. Rockefeller should be shown to be illegal, it is quite certain that Great Britain will be prompt to make amends.

Another Point of View.

The Interstate Commerce Commission, which is now listening to the appeal of the managers of the Eastern railroads for permission to increase rates, will be told by competent authority that there is another point of view for their consideration than that of the railway managers themselves. It is the point of view of security holders, of manufacturers, some of whom are shippers, it is true, and of the business interests of the United States as a whole.

The investment bankers of the United States render an important service, for it is chiefly through their instrumentality that securities are offered to and absorbed by the public. The investment bankers of the United States are not concerned, technically or *per se*, in railway management or operation, but they have vital concern in the quality and character of the securities which they offer to the public. It is by their aid that surplus funds, great or small, in the possession of the public are exchanged for securities. And in that way capital which otherwise would not be employed is made available.

It has been stated by one who is of high authority that the whole financial structure of the country is so interwoven with railway securities that to affect railway securities adversely is inevitably to injure or imperil the whole structure.

This is a point of view which in earlier hearings has been brought only incidentally to the attention of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

There is no doubt that within the past four or five years the attitude of the American investor and to some extent the investor of Europe toward the American railway securities has not been entirely favorable. Some timidity has characterized it and that is the chief reason why the American railways which need fresh supplies of capital are compelled to pay high rates of interest and even then to market short-time securities, running for one, two or three years. This is of itself expensive financing.

The fact that there is a steadily decreasing percentage of net railway earnings to the gross earnings is not to be denied. The investment bankers of the United States, the owners of securities and such business organizations as find their chief markets with the railway companies are grievously concerned over this steady decrease in the percentage of net earnings.

Investment bankers have had constant proof of the feeling of investors who withhold their capital from railway investment because they are apprehensive that the falling off in net earnings is to be continued.

If the question were put to all sincerity to the investment bankers who deal chiefly in bonds: What is the feeling of your clients respecting the government's relation to the railroads? the almost unanimous reply would be that they now have the profound conviction that both the Federal and the State governments are antagonistic to the American railroad systems. This view may be unreasonable, but it exists, and so long as it does exist the unquestioned fact will be that railroad credit must pay the penalty. It is this feeling that has led some of the leading railway managers to believe, as they have publicly stated they believe, that unless opportunity be given for the restoration of confidence in the earning power of the American railroads it is inevitable that the government, sooner or later, must take over the American railroad systems.

This is a point of view which is likely to be presented to the Interstate Commerce Commission at the important hearing now in progress. The commission will undoubtedly in all sincerity and earnestness give due consideration to it.

Some Fruitful Competition.

Thus far, the outcome of government investigation into the business methods of the so-called trusts and the result of legislation designed to correct the abuses which had arisen from restraint of trade and various other business evils have been chiefly academic. Championed by the Federal and State authorities, virtue has been made to triumph, and illegality has been shown to be more or less odious. The word monopoly has taken on a new meaning, which has made it less attractive in theory, however firmly it may still retain its original significance in practice.

Before this praiseworthy reformation was undertaken by the government there was extant throughout the country—at least among the plain people—the belief that governmental interference, if ever it should come, would result immediately in a marked amelioration of certain existing hardships. One of the most potent weapons of the political spellbinder was the promise that government supervision and regulation of big business would add greatly to the joy of living by reducing its cost.

Although many specious arguments in support of this theory were advanced by these political wiseacres, time has revealed their fallacy. The dissolution of business combinations has been going on merrily for several years and, quite as appreciably, the cost of living has been climbing steadily. Those who accepted the doctrine that the smashing of the trusts must result in cheaper living have probably awakened to the fact that there is absolutely no connecting link to bring the two things together. Nothing that the government has done or is likely to do will go far toward solving the problem of advancing prices for those things which have come to be regarded as necessary. It is puerile to cherish any delusions of that sort.

Recently, as the result of some experimentation in a modest way in New York City, a remedy has been found which is reasonably effective, although it is by no means a panacea. It is not even new, but may be termed a rediscovery. Perhaps it would be better to speak of it as a revival. Its active principle is competition. It consists of a number of open markets established temporarily in various unoccupied areas throughout the city. In these markets it is possible to obtain meat, vegetables, fruit and all other farm products at prices which eliminate the scapegoat known as the middleman from the discussion.

That this is competition which actually competes is evidenced by the attitude of the regular dealers, who have been constrained, in many instances, to readjust their price lists to meet the heroic cuts of the marketmen.

The Clergy as Combatants.

According to a recent French official report, there are at the present time at least 3,000 priests serving as combatants in the armies of the republic. The Protestant consistories of the Rhine provinces have given permission to any pastor within their ecclesiastical jurisdiction to carry a gun if he be so inclined. This movement is opposed in some parts of the empire, but it is gaining ground and is likely to result in a body of ministerial reservists at least 6,000 strong. The fighting-parson idea has never taken deep root in England, and, in the present war, British clergymen are engaged only as army chaplains or Red Cross helpers. Some of the younger priests of the Orthodox church in Russia are trying to get permission from the holy synod to serve in the ranks, but have not yet succeeded, the answer to their importunities being that no more reservists are required at present, the number on hand largely exceeding the reserve force actually needed.

From time immemorial there seems to have been no well-founded criticism of any cleric who elected to make temporary exchange of the pulpit for the fighting line. There have been numerous examples of this substitution—which at first thought may seem to be a trifle incongruous—ever since the Christian religion displaced the polytheism of the ancients. Fighters in holy orders are not of rare mention in medieval history, and in our own civil war more than one clerical patriot stepped out of his vestments into the blue or the gray. It was at that time Bishop Leonidas Polk, of Louisiana, with the full consent and earnest godspeed of his associates in the ministry, exchanged his crosier for a sword and accepted a commission as general in the Confederate army. That he had been bred a soldier and was a West Point man before he became an ecclesiastic does not weaken the argument.

So, while it may be comparatively an easy matter to establish the fact that one who has adopted the clerical profession is bound firmly by the very nature of that calling to be a vigorous advocate of peace at all times and in all places, to decry war and to make the shedding of human blood detestable in the minds of those who have committed themselves to his spiritual direction, it is by no means evident that in the event of a war in which a question of right is to be decided he is to deny himself the privilege of active participation. It is not difficult to understand that he might do violence to his convictions by adopting such a course.

Millinery and the War.

By JOHN D. BARRY.

A FRIEND in the business of wholesale millinery recently invited me to attend a lecture in his warehouse. "It will be a novel experience for you," he said. "It represents a new educational feature in business."

When I reached the top of the building, where the lecture was to be held, I found, besides a small group of men, hundreds of women, nearly all milliners, varying considerably in age, looking very cool in their pretty summer clothes and in their summer hats, expressing many kinds of taste.

The lecturer, a young man with ease of manner and rapidity of utterance, evidently knew his business, which was with absolute clearness to reveal to that audience new methods of workmanship. The women followed with an eagerness of understanding that suggested they, too, had an expertness of their own. In an astonishingly short time hats were trimmed before our eyes and a silk muff was made. Meanwhile, the lecturer explained that he did not pride himself on speed of workmanship. He was just throwing out suggestions. When he was really making a hat, a hat to be worn, he spent on it at least a day. What he wanted to emphasize was that in the creating of hats the great essential was skill expressed through taste. And what he said of special interest to me was that the war in Europe was going to throw the milliners of this country more and more on their own resources and to encourage those manufacturers who produced material for the milliners. There had been altogether too much snobbishness in the business. Milliners did not have enough pride in their own work. They would make stunning hats in their own places of business and into those hats they would put French labels to lead customers to think the hats had been made in France. This year they could not resort to this expedient. They would have to take the credit they deserved. They would draw the customers away from snobbishness, and they would themselves become more self-respecting workers.

According to this expert, within a month after the outbreak of the war, the manufacturers had shown remarkable enterprise. Soon fabrics would be on the market that had never been successfully produced here before. Of course, the velvets of France would be hard to compete with in quality. But there was no knowing what might be done now that the rewards were so encouraging. And already America had shown that in the manufacture of plush there was no country superior the world over. The German dyes were pre-eminent, but even here American ingenuity might do wonders.

Throughout the talk I found myself repeatedly reminded of the dependence of this country on Europe, or what, till the other day, we believed to be the dependence. Was it so real after all? Was it not largely habit, sustained by the snobbishness of buyers and by the shortsightedness of local dealers? Perhaps the war would break down forever the notion, so common in this country, that certain articles, to be good, had to be made abroad. Incidentally, it might be the means of opening up European avenues of trade to articles produced here and hitherto rejected by Europe.

In the course of the talk I found myself let into an occasional secret. Often I had speculated on the mysterious forces that created and maintained and swept away fashions. Now I was present when a possible fashion was made the object of attack, "the boudoir hat," as worn in the automobile. The speaker felt strongly that it had no place there, that it belonged where it had come from, in the house only. He urged all the milliners to resist its escape to out-of-doors. While he spoke I thought of another reform in the hats of women that might have been advocated. Why should all women be obliged to wear hats obviously designed for women that were beautiful? The charming girl, for example, who acted as model for the lecturer, looked charming in each hat put on her head, and she made each hat look charming. "She'd look well in anything," I heard one of my neighbors whisper. But many women, in wearing such hats would not look well. Was not one of the tragedies of women's ornamentation, conspicuous in headgear, so closely associated with the face, that it had no mercy on plainness, that, by contrast, it actually gave it emphasis?

Don't Waste Time Talking.

Thomas A. Edison, finding himself short of carbolic acid by reason of the war, proceeds to build the machinery necessary to make his own synthetically from benzol. Edison says we can make many things in the chemical line if we will act and not waste time talking. War to Edison is only an incentive to create another $8,000,000,000 of wealth for this country. And his commission, while it will bulk large, will be an insignificant percentage of the whole.—Brooklyn Eagle.

CIVIL WAR DAY BY DAY

Fifty Years Ago.

October 22, 1864—Helen L. Gilson, of Boston, One of the Unsung Heroines of the War, Was Ministering to the Needs of the Sick Soldiers of Grant's Army at City Point with a Devotion that Won Her the Esteem of All Who Met Her.

(Written expressly for The Washington Herald.)

Fifty years ago today Miss Helen L. Gilson, of Boston, one of the unsung heroines of the war, was ministering to the needs of the sick soldiers in Grant's army before Petersburg and at City Point with a devotion that won her the esteem of all who met her.

Among the hundreds of noble women who gave strength and soul for the benefit of the soldiers at the front none reaped a greater reward in doing good than Miss Gilson. She followed the Army of the Potomac in all its campaigns. In the grand campaign of 1864 she worked among the sick and wounded in the field hospitals. Her voice was sweet and sympathetic and she sang old melodies of home that seemed like angelic music to many a soldier whose sickness was intensified by unceasing longing for kindred.

She smoothed the pillow of the dying, prayed for the parting soul, closed the eyes of the dead. For the weak she cooked tempting food and prepared cooling drafts. She brought flowers or little presents to the hospitals; she wrote letters for soldiers to the "folks at home."

Miss Gilson was a good, earnest, Christian young woman who felt that she must give her all of strength and courage for the men who had suffered for the flag.

The name of Miss Gilson is not familiar to the present generation, nor was it known to great numbers in the war time; yet her acts were as much entitled to the world's admiration as those of Florence Nightingale.

A native of Boston, Miss Gilson was barely twenty years old when she went to the front to offer her services to the soldiers. She was a schoolteacher and a niece of Francis B. Fay, mayor of Chelsea, Mass., who distinguished himself as a humanitarian by giving his time and means to helping the soldiers at the front from the beginning of the war to its end. Denied a place as an army nurse because of her youth, Miss Gilson joined her uncle in his work, which was similar to that done by the sanitary commission. In 1862 she served on hospital steamers plying to the army bases in Virginia. Later she went into the field.

Sang of Home and Country.

William Howell Reed, an agent of the sanitary commision who worked in the same field as Miss Gilson, has left a bright, though all too brief, record of her work in a book called "Hospital Life in the Army of the Potomac," which was published in 1866. He first describes her as she appeared in the temporary hospital at Fredericksburg, after the bloody battles of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania.

"One afternoon," he wrote, "when the atmosphere of our rooms was close and foul, and all were longing for a breath of our cooler northern air, while the men were moaning in pain, or were restless with fever, and our hearts were sick with pity for the sufferers, I heard a light step upon the stairs, and looking up I saw a young lady enter, who brought with her such an atmosphere of calm and cheerful courage, so much freshness, such an expression of gentle, womanly sympathy, that her mere presence seemed to revive the drooping spirits of the men and to give a new power of endurance through the long and painful hours of suffering.

"First with one, then at the side of another, a friendly word here, a gentle nod and smile there, a tender sympathy with each prostrate sufferer, a sympathy which could read in his eyes his longing for home love, and for the presence of some absent one in those few minutes here was indeed an angel ministry.

"Before she left the room she sang to them, first some stirring National melody, then some sweet or plaintive hymn to strengthen the fainting heart; and I remember how the notes penetrated to every part of the building.

"Soldiers with less severe wounds, from the rooms above, began to crawl out into the entries, and men from below crept up on their hands and knees to catch every note and to receive of the benediction of her presence—for such it was to them.

"Then she went away. I did not know who she was, but I was as much moved and melted as any soldier of them all. This is my first reminiscence of Helen L. Gilson.

"Just Before the Battle, Mother."

Mr. Reed's next reference to Miss Gilson shows her in the dreary winter days at City Point, among the sufferers in the field hospital.

"It is surprising to see what tender spots there are in the hearts of some of our roughest men," he wrote. "I went with Miss Gilson into one of the wards, where she was asked to sing. Joining in some simple hymn, which called forth a response from a few voices in different parts of the tent, and finding how eager the men were for more, she sang a plaintive little song, 'Just Before the Battle Mother,' then the most popular song in the Army, and reproduced in a hundred different ways by the soldiers or by the bands.

"There was perfect stillness in the ward and melody melted into that exquisite air, 'I'm Lonely Since My Mother Died.' Nearly every man had raised himself on his elbows to catch these notes. Some were wiping their eyes and others, too weak to move, were hiding their emotions, which still was betrayed by the quivering lip and the single tear as it fell, but was not wiped away.

"One fine fellow, a Vermont boy, very sick, could hardly speak, when she went in and laid her hand upon his head and brushed back his fine, soft, black hair. He was a man of delicate mold and she soon found in talking with him that, although a private in the army, he magnified his position, while it also reflected back its dignity upon him.

"Homesickness had done its work. He had been in the hospital six months, after the severe exposures of the earlier part of the campaign. He said to me, 'Do you know how many men die of homesickness in the army? O,' said he, 'I feel it so much here,' pressing his fingers over his heart, 'and it will wear me out.'"

Among the Contrabands.

Quite a different phase of Miss Gilson's work carried her among the "contrabands," or freed slaves, who by thousands had flocked to City Point and were housed there in a haphazard collection of shanties near the river.

With the coming of winter these people suffered.

"The attention of Miss Gilson had been called to their condition," writes Mr. Reed, "and soon comfortable huts were built, clothing was sent from the North, and their prospects brightened.

"The influence of Miss Gilson was quickly noticeable in the camp. Her word was law, and as she moved among them, illustrating and enforcing the plain duties of life, its effect was seen in greater faithfulness to their work, in kindness to each other, in neatness and gentleness with the children.

"She made them feel that their religion was not for prayer meetings and Sundays alone, but was for the washtub, for duty among the sick, for bearing their burdens patiently—a religion for work-day life, for all places and all times. They were made to feel that they had hearts and minds as well as bones and muscles, and that while they were compelled to work for their daily bread, they must also steadily improve their condition and be worthy of their freedom, by living true, devout, faithful, and loving lives."

Miss Gilson served with the army to the end of the war. She was not spared to long taste the sweets of peace and home, for she died in 1868, being then the wife of Hamilton Osgood, of Newton, Mass.

(Copyright, 1914.)

Tomorrow—Gen. Butler's Dutch Gap canal.

OPHELIA'S SLATE.

Doings of Society

Mrs. William H. Taft continues to be the recipient of constant attention from the friends she made in Washington not only in the White House, but for the years that she was a Cabinet hostess, also as the wife of the Solicitor General, which was the first position the former President filled in Washington. Mrs. Taft was entertained at luncheon yesterday by Mrs. A. Harmon Witmer at the latter's home in Sixteenth street. Later in the afternoon she was the guest of honor aboard the government yacht Sylph, which took a small party to Mount Vernon, with tea served aboard on the homeward trip. Last evening Mrs. Taft, with her hostess, Mrs. Garrison McClintock, occupied the box set aside for Mrs. Taft in Continental Hall, where she has been attending the meetings of the American Bar Association, of which her husband is president.

Today Mrs. Taft will be entertained at luncheon by the Misses Patten at their home in Massachusetts avenue.

Following the luncheon the company will go to Chevy Chase, where the former President has been asked to plant a tree on the lawn of the new clubhouse.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Bonaparte have returned to the Shoreham after spending a few days in New York.

St. Patrick's R. C. Church, in Tenth street, was the scene of a largely attended wedding yesterday afternoon, at which the contracting parties were Miss Anne Cecelia Clark, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark, and Judge M. M. Doyle, of the Municipal Court of the District of Columbia.

The church was beautifully decorated in autumn foliage and palms, with the high altar before which the ceremony took place a mass of burning tapers, with a background of white flowers. The music was by the regular organist and included a short recital during the seating of the guests. The ushers who performed the latter service and later led the bridal procession were Mr. Charles Osborne, Mr. Leo Rover, Mr. Louis Payne, Mr. Joseph Hausler, Mr. Paul A. Haines and the bride's brother, Mr. Bernard A. Clark.

They were followed by Miss Agnes Clark, sister of the bride and the latter's only attendant.

The bride was escorted by her father, Mr. Charles Clark, and was met at the sanctuary rail by the bridegroom, who had Mr. Adolph Luick, of Chicago, as his best man.

The impressive marriage service was read by Mgr. Russell, the rector, with assistant clergy of the church also in the sanctuary.

The company, which filled the pews from the altar rail to the front door, represented the friends of the bride's family from her earliest childhood, while hundreds of people waited in Tenth street to see her enter the church.

The bride's gown was of white satin, with court train worn with a tulle veil. Her toilet was completed by a large bridal bouquet of lilies of the valley and white orchids. The maid of honor wore a demi-toilet of pale pink. The round skirt of satin was flounced to the waist in three deep, scant tiers, while the bodice was the new loose basqued effect of velvet in the same tone with long sleeves of matching chiffon. She wore a picture hat of velvet, tied under the chin with black velvet strings, and carried an enormous bouquet of pink roses.

A reception at the home of the bride's parents in Massachusetts avenue followed the ceremony. Here the friends of the family had an opportunity of meeting Mrs. Doyle, of Milwaukee, the mother of the bridegroom, who came to Washington for the wedding.

After a honeymoon trip of several weeks Judge Doyle and his bride will return to Washington, where they will pass some time with Mrs. Doyle's parents before establishing their new home.

Mr. Robert Bacon, former Ambassador to France, has arrived in Washington and is at the Shoreham for a few days.

The marriage of Miss Ruth Walter to Mr. Roland A. Waddell, of New York, took place last evening at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Walter, in Wyoming avenue. The ceremony took place at 6 o'clock, Rev. J. Hennen Nelms, of the Church of the Ascension, officiated in the presence of a small company of relatives and intimate friends. The floral decorations were in pink and white, with roses and cosmos blossoms used in artistic effect throughout the entire drawing-room floor.

The bridal attendants were the sister of the bride, Miss Jane Walter; Miss Edith Waddill, of Danville, Va.; Miss Percy Handy, of Lynchburg, Va.; Miss Frances E. Walter, and Miss Carroll, of this city.

Mr. Walter Waddell, brother of the bridegroom, was best man. The ushers were F. Lloyd Overman, of New York; Beverly Manor, of Virginia; William D. Campbell and C. Edgar Davis, of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry P. Fairbanks and Miss Fairbanks, of Mt. Kisco, N. Y., have arrived in Washington and are stopping at the Shoreham.

The bride's gown was of white satin, with overdress of white French tulle embroidered in pearls. A pearl cap held the tulle veil, which fell to the ground. Her bouquet was of lilies of the valley. The bridesmaids wore gowns of pink taffeta and tulle and carried pink roses. Miss Jane Walter as maid of honor wore a gown of pink and silver silk made on smart and becoming lines and also carried pink roses.

A small reception followed the ceremony, after which the young people left for an extensive Southern trip. They will be at home after November 15 at 54 Magnolia avenue, Jersey City.

Mrs. Harry B. Gilpin and her daughter, Mrs. L. M. Allen, of Winchester, Va., have arrived at the Shoreham for a few days.

The Chevy Chase Club gave its semi-weekly dance last evening, when 200 members and their friends were present. Several large dinner parties preceded the dance, while scores of small companies filled the large dining-room. Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Britton, Mrs. Edward Lauterbach, Mrs. Harold Walker, Commissioner and Mrs. Ewing, Mrs. Wheeler and Mr. and Mrs. Downing were hosts to large companies, which later joined in the dancing.

Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Newcomer, of Baltimore, are spending a few days at the Shoreham.

A branch of relief work under the National Red Cross which shows a gratifying increase with each week in the making of woolen garments for the soldiers in hospitals, which was organized a month ago, and has already sent to the front more than 1,000 garments.

The work is now thoroughly systematized under a board of managers, consisting of Mrs. Allen R. Boyd, president; Mrs. Garrison McClintock and Miss B. C. Saxton, with an executive committee, including Mrs. E. M. Weaver, Mrs. Henry Danforth, Mrs. Randell Webb, Mrs. T. L. Ames, Mrs. Paul Bartlett and Mrs. T. A. Williams.

These ladies, with a large number of assistants, are at St. John's parish hall every Wednesday morning, when the work for the week is given out and the completed garments returned. The unit system is followed, one woman making herself responsible for nine coworkers. Each contributor subscribes $1 as an initiation and pledges herself to complete one garment each week. The cash contribution is applied to the purchase of material, as there is no other expense, the labor being entirely voluntary even where professional garment cutters have served with the ladies of the committee.

Mrs. Marshall, wife of the Vice President, arranged for the reception and completion of her quota of work during her absence in Indiana while at yester-

CONTINUED ON PAGE NINE.

A Line o' Cheer Each Day o' the Year.

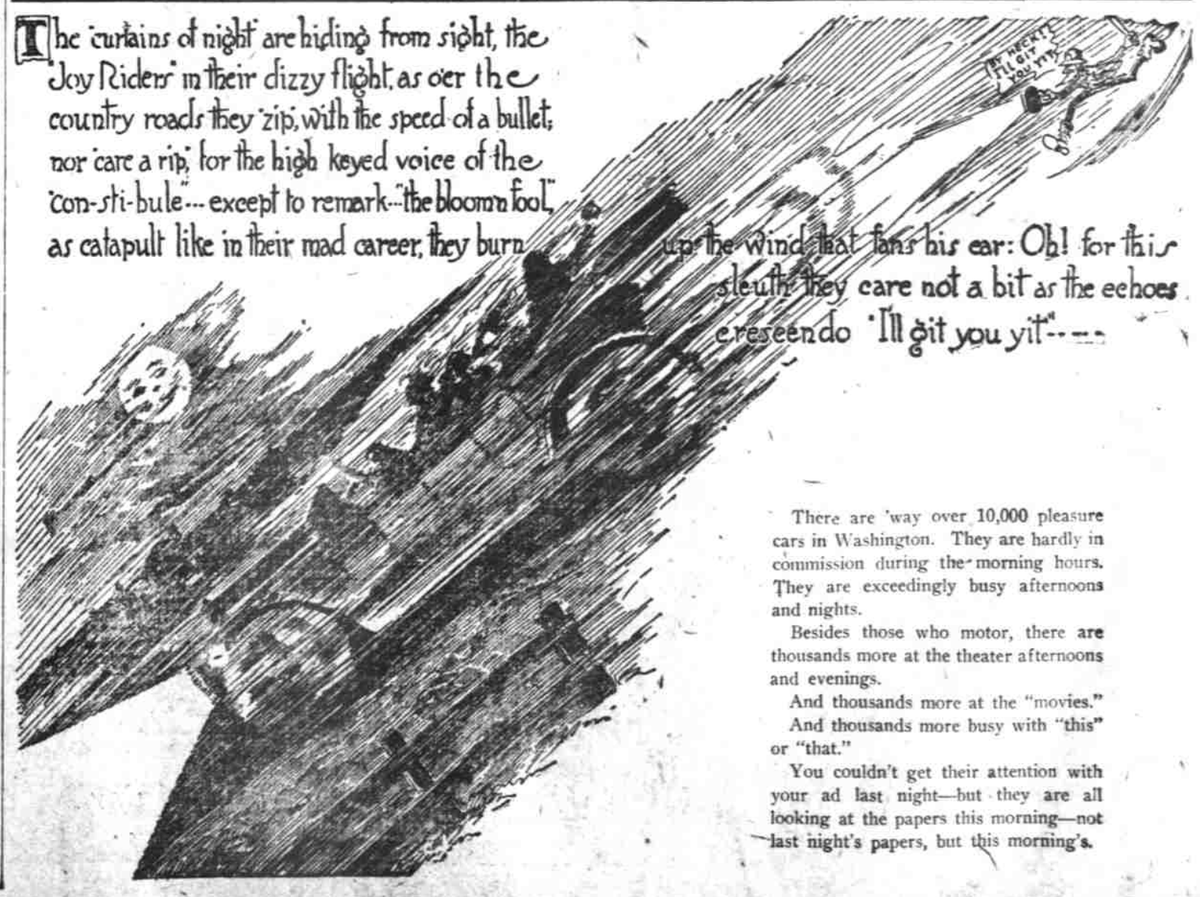
(Written Expressly for The Herald.)
By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

REFRESHMENT.

(Copyright, 1914.)

Now what care I if the winds shall blow!
Aye, let the blasts come crisp and free.
Thrice welcome are the winds if so
They blow their freshness into me.
From out the North they swiftly fly,
And on their wings the tempest speeds,
Yet are they blest if from them I
But gather strength for worthy deeds!

DOINGS OF THE "GO-FANS"



There are 'way over 10,000 pleasure cars in Washington. They are hardly in commission during the morning hours. They are exceedingly busy afternoons and nights.

Besides those who motor, there are thousands more at the theater afternoons and evenings.

And thousands more at the "movies."

And thousands more busy with "this" or "that."

You couldn't get their attention with your ad last night—but they are all looking at the papers this morning—not last night's papers, but this morning's.